Westminster-Drollery.

Or, A Choice

COLLECTION

Of the Newest

Songs & Poems

BOTH AT

Court and Theaters.

BY

A Person of Quality.

With Additions.

LONDON:
Printed for *H. Brome* at the Gun in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, near the West End.
MDCLXXII.

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NOV. 8, 1916

WESTMINSTER-DROLLERY.

The first Song in the Ball at Court.

1.

I Pass all my Hours in a shady old Grove,
And I live not the day that I see not my Love:
I survey every Walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

2.

But each shade and each conscious Bow'r that I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind,
And I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come agen,
O then 'tis, O then I think no joys above
The pleasures, the pleasures of love.

3.

While alone to my self I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another mans arms:
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me.
O then 'tis O then I think there's no such Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

4.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind, without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.
O then 'tis, O then I think no joyes above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love.

The second Song at the Masque at Court.

1. A Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be,
And hope from my Love I shall never be free.
Let wisdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,
Yet never to love, is a sin of ill nature:
But he who loves well, and whose passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.

2. With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion.
When our passion is pallid, and our fancy wou'd fail,
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale:
But when the doubts clear'd, and the jealousi's gone,
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. HOw hard is a heart to be cur'd
That is once overwhelm'd with despair,
'Tis a pain by force is endur'd,
Despises our pity, and scoffs at our fear;
But if nothing but Death shall untie
Those fetters wherewith you enslave me,
For your sake I am ready to dy
If you are unwilling to leave me,
Then I am not unwilling to dye.

2. How much were it better complying
With the tears, the sighs, and the groans
Of a poor distrest Lover dying,
And list to the cries of his pitiful moans;
When your Slave shall in triumph be led
To see the effects of good nature,
It shall for your honour be sed,
'Tis true you have kill'd a poor Creature,
Yet have rais'd him again from the dead.

3. Though your heart be as cold as the ice is,
At one time or other you'l find,
That love has a thousand devices
To banish could thoughts from your scrupulous mind.

Thy aid mighty *Jove* I implore,
That thou to the fair one discover,
The joys I have for her in store,
When she to her passionate Lover
Will say, she'l be cruel no more.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. *Cloris*, let my passion ever,
Be to you as I design;
Flames so noble, that you never
Saw the like till you knew mine.

2. Not a breath of feigned passion
From my lips shall reach your ears;
Nor this love that's now in fashion,
Made of modest sighs and tears.

3. In my breast a room so fitting
For your heart I will prepare,
That you'l never think of quitting,
Were you once but harbour'd there.

4. The Rent's not great that I require
From your heart, mine to repay:
Fortitude's all I desire
To keep your lodging from decay.

5. Faireſt Saint, then be no not cruel,
Nor to love me count it ſin;
Since a ſmile from you is fewel,
For to keep this fire in.

6. When I am forc'd by death or age,
From your flames for to retire,
All true Lovers I'll engage
Still my paſſion to admire.

The laſt Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. A Wife I do hate,
For either ſhe's falſe, or ſhe's jealous;
But give me a Mate
That nothing will ask or tell us:
She ſtands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture;
Her love's for your Farms,
But takes the kind man at a venture.

2. If all prove not right,
Without Act, Proceſs, or Warning,
From a Wife for a night
You may be divorc'd in the morning;
Where Parents are ſlaves
Their Brats cannot be any other;

Great Wits and great Braves
Have alwayes a Punk to their Mother.

A Song.

1. WEr't thou but half so wise as thou art fair,
Thou would'st not need such courting,
'Twill prove a loss you'll ne'er repair,
Should you still defer your sporting.
This peevish *shall I, shall I*, you'll repent,
When your spring is over,
Beauties after math no kind friends hath
To gratifie a Lover.

2, Perhaps you may think 'tis a sin to deal,
Till *Hymen* doth authorize you:
Though the Gods themselves sweet pleasure steal,
That to coyness thus advise you.
Pox upon the Link-boy and his Taper,
I'll kiss, although not have you.
'Twas an Eunuch wrote all the Text that you quote,
And the Ethicks thae inslave you.

3. I am sure you have heard of that sprightly Dame
That with *Mars* so often traded,
Had the God but thought she had been to blame,
She had surely been degraded.

Nor

Nor is blind *Cupid* less esteemed
For the sly tricks of his Mother,
For men do adore that Son of a Whore,
As much as any other.

4. 'Tis plain antiquity doth lie
Which made *Lucretia* squeamish;
For that which you call Chastity.
Upon her left a blemish:
For when her Paramour grew weak,
Her passion waxed stronger,
For the Lecherous Drab her self did stab
'Cause *Tarquin* staid no longer.

5. Then away with this Bugbear Vice,
You are lost if that you fly me,
In *Elizium* (if you here are nice)
You never shall come nigh me:
Hell for Vestals is a Cloyster
I don't run doting thither,
For the pleasant shades are for her that trades:
Let's truck and go together.

A late Song by a Person of Quality.

1. Alas, what shall I do? I have taken on me now
To make a Song, I vow: Or worse me:
I am commanded to't, I dare not stand it out,
Though

Though I am put to th' rout, it muſt be: (foot
Thou ſhalt do't, then ſtand to't, I'll ſet my Muſe on
With a good chirping Cup, (of wine,
There may ſome hidden Mine, ſpring from the juice
Then take't and drink it up.

2. Pox on't, it will not do, I muſt have t'other too,
I claim it as my due, and muſt love't; (hie
For where the Land is dry, the good Husband he doth
To bring the water nigh to improve't.
Here's the uſe of the Juice, open me then the ſluce,
And deny my wit in grain;
That Skull's ne'er empty that takes it in plenty,
It's the only ſpring of the brain.

3. Madam now you may ſee what obedience is in me,
I have done what may be to obey, (to boot,
I have ſet my Muſe on foot, with the ſprightly grape
Your Commands made me do't, they muſt ſway:
If my pate ſoon or late, ſhall bring forth ſome conceit,
To you my wit I owe.
If I do fall flat, its becauſe, mark you that,
I am a Cup to low.
If I ſpake ſenſe enough, or did ſpeak but ſtuff,
All is alike to me;
I'll never pauſe upon't, you were the cauſe on't,
And that's my Apologie.

Silvia

Silvia. *Made by a Person of Honour. But the Answer and Reply lately added.*

Silvia, tell me how long it will be
Before you will grant my desire:
Is there no end of your cruelty,
But must I consume in this fire?
You'll not tell me you love, nor yet that you hate,
But take pleasure in seeing me languish
Ah *Silvia* pity my desperate state,
For you are the cause of my anguish:

Her ANSWER.

Damon, I tell the I never shall be
In a humour to grant thy desire;
Nor can I be tax'd with cruelty,
Having one that I more do admire.
For 'tis him that I love, and thee that I hate,
Yet I find you fain would be doing;
No, *Damon*, you never shall be my Mate,
Then prethee, Friend, leave off thy wooing.

His

His REPLY.

SILVIA know, I never shall more
Be a Suitor to pride and disdaining,
Nor can my respects be as heretofore,
Being now in the time of their waining:
For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
Then prethee take it for a warning,
Whenever you meet with another mate,
Faith *Silvia* leave off your scorning.

A Song at the King's House.

1. WHere-ever I am, and whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is still in my mind:
When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themselves the way find.
Unknown to my self, I am just at her door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
Than, *Phillis too fair and unkind.*
Than, *Phillis too fair and unkind.*

2. When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my breast,
And the love I would stifle is shown,
But asleep or wake, I am never at rest,
When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone.

Some-

Sometimes a ſweet dream does delude my ſad mind,
But alas when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone.

3. Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his treaſure in vain,
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

4. Alas! I diſcover too much of my love,
And ſhe too well knows her own power;
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis* both falſe and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her power,
Then ever be freed from her power.

The Coy Lady ſlighted at laſt.

1. POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye ſhe had,

Moſt

Most neatly look'd her braided hair,
Her lovely cheeks would make you mad:
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her Breasts ten thousand Cupids lay.

2. Then many a doting Lover came,
From seventeen unto twenty one:
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But she forsooth affected none;
This was not handsome, t'other was not fine;
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

3. But t'other day it was my fate
To pass along that way alone;
I saw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and sighing seem'd to say,
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may.

A Song at the King's House.

1. WOrld thou art so wicked grown,
That thy deceits I must disown,
Since Knaves from honest men cannot be known,
So general is Distraction:

2. Men

2. Men that are grave and ſhould be wiſe,
In their opinions are ſo preciſe,
That always they turn up the whites of their eyes,
When plotting ſome other faction.

Conventicles are grown ſo rife,
Whoſe followers are ſo many,
There's ſo much gathered for their relief,
Poor Cavaliers cannot get any.

Wit without money is ſuch a curſe,
No mortal would be in its Clutches:
And he that hath one without t'other is worſe
Than a Cripple without his Crutches.

A Song by a Perſon of Quality.

HOld, hold, and no further advance,
For I'm caſt in a Trance,
If an inch more you give,
I'm not able to live,
Then draw back your Lance.

So now 'tis pretty well my Love,
Yet if you will,
You may ſomewhat further ſhove,
But do not kill.

I die, I die, my breath's almost gone;
Pray let me sleep, and I'll wake anon.

A Rhodomantade on his cruel Mistress.

SEek not to know a woman; for she's worse
Than all Ingredients cram'd into a Curse.
Were she but ugly, peevish, proud, a Whore,
Perjur'd or painted, so she were no more,
I could forgive her, and connive at this,
Alledging still she but a Woman is:
But she is worse, and may in time foretal,
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

A SONG. A Dialogue between two Friends.

Tune, *How severe is forgetful old age*

R.

HOw unhappy a Lover am I,
Whilst I sigh for my *Phillis* in vain,
All my hopes of delight are another mans right,
Who is happy whilst I am in pain.

W.

2. Since her honour affords no relief,
As to pity the pains which you bear,

It's

It's the best of your Fate in a helpless estate,
To give over betimes to despair.

R.

3. I have tried the false Medicine in vain,
Yet I wisht what I hope not to win,
From without my desire has no food to its fire,
But it burns and consumes me within.

W.

4. Yet at best it's a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone;
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your sufferings her own.

R.

5. O you Powers let me suffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'le lie,
I'll resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

W.

6. What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as is true after fate will renew,
For the souls do meet freely above.

A SONG *call'd The Injur'd Lady.*

1. O You powerful Gods, if I must be
An injur'd Offering to Loves Deity,

Grant my Revenge, this Plague on men,
That Women ne'r may love agen.
Then I'll with joy submit unto my Fate,
Which by your Justice gives your Empire date.

2. Depose that great insulting Tyrant Boy,
Who most is pleas'd when he does most destroy:
O let the world no longer govern'd be
By such a blind and childish Deity.
For if you Gods are in your Power severe,
We shall adore you not for Love but Fear.

3. But if you'l his Divinity maintain,
('Tis men, false men, confirm his tott'ring reign)
And when their hearts Loves greatest torment prove,
Let that no pity, but our laughter move.
Thus scorn'd and lost to all their wisht for aim,
Let rage, despair, and death consume their flame.

The Wooing Rogue.

The Tune is, *My Freedom is all my Joy.*

1. COme live with me, and be my Whore,
And we will beg from door to door,
Then under a hedge we'l sit and louse us,
Until the Beadle comes to rouse us,

And

And if they'l give us no relief,
Thou ſhalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.
Thou ſhalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.

2. If thou canſt rob, then I can ſteal,
And we'l eat Roaſt-meat every meal:
Nay, we'l eat White-bread every day,
And throw our mouldy Cruſts away,
And twice a day we will be drunk,
And then at night I'l kiſs my Punk.
And then at night I'l kiſs my Punk.

3. And when we both ſhall have the Pox,
And then ſhall want both Shirts and Smocks,
To ſhift each others mangy hide,
That is with Itch ſo pockifi'd;
We'l take ſome clean ones from a hedge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge.
And leave our old ones for a pledge.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. HOw ſevere is forgetful old age,
To confine a poor Lover ſo,
That I almoſt deſpair to ſee even the air,
Much more my dear Damon, *hey ho.*

2. Though I whiſper my ſighs out alone,
Yet I am trac'd where-ever I go,
That ſome treacherous Tree keeps this old man from me
And there he counts every *hey ho.*

3. How ſhall I this *Argus* blind,
And ſo put an end to my wo?
But whilſt I beguile all his frowns with a ſmile,
I betray my ſelf with a *hey ho.*

4. My reſtraint then, alas, muſt endure;
So that ſince my ſad doom I know,
I will pine for my Love like the Turtle-Dove,
And breath out my life in *hey ho.*

A Song at the King's Houſe.

1. NEver perſwade me to't, I vow
I live not: How canſt thou
Expect a life in me,
Since my Soul is fled to thee?
You ſuppoſe becauſe I walk,
And you think talk,
I therefore breath, alas, you know
Shades as well as men do ſo.

2. You

2. You may argue I have heat,
My pulſes beat,
My ſighs have in them living fire.
Grant your Argument be truth,
Such heats my youth
Inflame, as poyſons do only prepare
To make death their follower,

A Song.

FArewel, farewel fond love, under whoſe childiſh whip
I have ſerv'd out a weary Prenticeſhip.
Farewel, thou that haſt made me thy ſcorn'd property,
To dote on thoſe that lov'd not:
And to fly thoſe that woo'd me:
Go bane of my content, and practiſe one ſome other Patient.

2. My woful Monument ſhall be a Cell,
The murmur of the purling Brook my knell;
And for my Epitaph the Rocks ſhall groan
Eternally: if any ask this Stone,
What wretched thing doth in this compaſs lie,
The hollow Echo ſhall reply, 'Tis I, 'Tis I.
The hollow Echo ſhall reply, 'Tis I.
Farewel, farewel.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. Have I not told thee, deareſt mine,
That I deſtroy'd ſhould be?
Unhappy, though the crime was thine,
And mine the miſery:
Thou art not kind, ther's none ſo blind
As thoſe that will not ſee.

2. Have I not ſigh'd away my breath
In homage to thy beauty:
What have I got but certain death,
A poor reward for duty.
Well, when I'm gone you'l ne'r have one
That will prove half ſo true t'ye.

3. Have I not ſteep'd my ſoul in tears,
When thou didſt hardly mind it?
But, rather added to my fears,
When love ſhould have declin'd it;
Which in this breaſt, I hope for reſt,
But now deſpair to find it.

4. O that I could but ſound thy heart,
And fathom but thy mind:
Then would I ſearch thy better part,
And force thee to be kind:

But now I'm loſt, and here am croſt,
'Tis they that hide muſt find.

4. If pity then within thy heart
Doth own a reſidence,
Vouchſafe to read my tragick part,
And plead my innocence:
Then when I'm dead, it may be ſaid,
'Twas love was my offence.

5. But ſince thy will is to deſtroy,
I dare not mercy crave,
But kindly thank my fate, and joy
I liv'd to die thy Slave:
Then exerciſe thoſe killing eyes,
And frown me to my grave.

A Song.

LOve, fare thee well,
Since no love can dwell
In thee, that in hatred doſt all excel.

2. All Love is blind,
Yet none more unkind,
Than thoſe that repay Love with a proud mind.

3. Love that's Divine,
Is not Love like to mine,
Since she doth laugh, when I do repine.

Then gentle Love for Loves own sake,
Sigh loving Soul, and break heart, break.

A Song.

1. MAny declare what torments there are,
Yet none ever felt so much of despair:
No love can tell how high my griefs swell.
O curs'd be the pride that reduc'd me to Hell.

2. My heart is on fire, whilst I do admire
That you with disdain require my desire:
All must cease, that my flames may increase,
And curs'd be the pride that murther'd my peace.

A Song at the Kings House

BRight *Celia*, know 'twas not thine eyes
Alone that first did me surprize;
The Gods use seldom to dispense
To your Sex Beauty and Conscience:

If then they have made me untrue,
The fault lies not in me, but you:
Sure 'tis no crime to break a Vow,
When we are firſt I know not how.

2. You preſs me an unuſual way,
To make my Song my Love betray:
Yet fear you'l turn it to a jeſt,
And uſe me as y'ave done the reſt
Of thoſe ſad Captives which complain,
Yet are enamour'd of their flame:
And though they die for love of you,
Dare neither love nor you purſue.

3. If love be ſin, why live you then
To make ſo many guilty men?
Since 'tis not in the power of art
To make a Breſt-plate for the heart:
Since 'tis your eyes Loves Shafts convey
Into our ſouls a ſecret way;
Where if once fixt, no Herb nor Charm
Can cure us of our inward harm.

A Song.

1. ALl the flatteries of Fate,
And the glories of State,
Are nothing so sweet as what Love doth create:
If Love you deny,
'Tis time I should die;
Kind Death's a reprieve when you threaten to hate.

2. In some shady Grove
Will I wander and rove,
With *Philomel* and the Disconsolate Dove:
With a down-hanging wing
Will I mournfully sing
The Tragick events of Unfortunate Love.

3. With our plaints we'l conspire
For to heighten Loves fire,
Still vanquishing life, till at last we expire:
And when we are dead,
In a cold leafy bed
Be interr'd with the Dirge of this desolate Quire.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. LOve that is skrew'd a pitch too high,
May speak, but with a squeeze will die:
The solid Lover knows not how
To play the Changeling with his Vow:
Small sorrows may find vent, and break,
Great ones will rather burst than speak,
Such is my fortune when my *Flora* frowns,
Not only me, but she the world will drown.

2. Thus am I drench'd in misery,
Yet hope she may be kind to me:
I, but 'tis long first, could she but restrain
Those kindnesses which I'd be glad to gain,
She'll surely do't: if so, it shall be known
I lov'd her for her own sake, not my own.
Thus will I live and die, and so will be
Exemplary to all Posterity.

A Song.

1. WHat care I though the world reprove
My bold, my over-daring love,
Ignoble minds themselves exempt
From int'rest in a brave attempt.

2. The

2. The Eagle soring to behold
The Sun array'd in flames of gold,
Regards not though she burns her wings,
Since that rich sight such pleasure brings.

3. So feel I now my smiling thought
To such a resolution brought,
That it contemns all grief and smart,
Since I so high have plac'd my heart.

4. And if I die, some worthy Spirits
To future times shall sing my merits,
That easily did my life despise,
Yet ne'r forsook my enterprise.

5. Then shine bright Sun, and let me see
The glory of thy Majesty;
I wish to die, so I may have
Thy look, my death; thine eye, my grave.

A Song.

1. BUrn and consume, burn wretched heart,
Unhappy in extremes thou art;
If dying looks serve not thy turn,
To say thy Beauty makes me burn,

2. From

2. From thoughts inflam'd pale colours fume
Into my face, and it consume:
O my poor heart, what charms thee so,
That thy afflicted face lets know,

3. Yet will not tell who murthers thee,
But yet will still a Lover be:
Who hides my Phœnix eyes, that she
Whom I adore thus cannot see,

4. How I for her am made a prey
To sorrow: and do pine away:
O foolish custom and vile use,
My silence now deserves no truce.

A Song at the Dukes House.

O Fain would I before I die
Bequeath to thee a Legacy;
That thou maist say, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone:
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as Lovers fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and only should be yours.
Dearest, before you condescend
To entertain a bosom Friend,

Be sure you know your servant well,
Before your liberty you sell:
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis sometimes hot, and sometimes cold;
And men you know that when they please,
They can be sick of Loves disease.
Then wisely chuse a Friend that may
Last for an age, and not a day;
Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
But for thy mutual sympathy.
Let such a Friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age,
And kiss thy furrow'd wrinkled brow
With as much joy as I do now.

A Song called, And to each pretty Lass we will give a green Gown.

1. THus all our life long we are frolick and gay,
And instead of Court-revels, we merrily play
At Trap, at Rules, and at Barly-break run:
At Goss, and at Foot-ball, and when we have done
These innocent sports, we'll laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Lass
We will give a green Gown.

2. We

2. We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry:
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheasant's our Quarry:
The nimble Squirrils with cudgels we chase,
And the little pretty Lark we betray with a Glass,
And when we have done, &c.

3. About the *May* pole we dance all in a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd:
Our little kind tribute we chearfully pay
To the gay Lord and the bright Lady o'th' *May.*
And when we have done, &c.

A Song.

1. ON the bank of a Brook as I sate fishing,
Hid in the Oziers that grew on the side:
I over heard a Nymph and Shepherd wishing,
No time nor fortune their Love might divide.
To Cupid *and* Venus *each offer'd a Vow,*
To love ever as they lov'd now.

2. Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, What a pleasure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone!
Love must be secret, for like fairy treasure,
When 'tis discover'd, twill quickly be gone.
For Envy and Jealousie, if it will stay,
Would, alas! soon make it decay.

3. Then

3. Then let us leave this world and care behind us,
Said the Nymph, smiling, and gave him her hand:
All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
In some fair Desart we'l seek a new Land,
And there live from Envy and Jealousie free,
And a World to each other we'll be.

A Song.

1. *Ellamina*, of my heart
None shall e're bereave you:
If by your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day
I will never leave you.

2. Passion's but an empty name,
Where respect is wanting;
Damon, you mistake your aim,
Hang your heart, and dam your flame,
If you must be ranting.

3. Love as pale and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor:
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

4. Love

4. Love by anger to beget,
Wiſely you endeavour,
With a grave Phyſician wit,
Who to cure an ague fit,
Puts me in a Feavour.

5. Anger rowſeth Love to fight,
And its only bait is,
'Tis the guide to dull delight;
And is but an eager bite
When deſire at height is.

6. If ſuch drops of heat do fall,
In our wooing weather,
If ſuch drops of heat do fall,
We ſhall have the Devil and all,
When we come together.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

BEneath a Myrtle ſhade,
Which none but Love for happy Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtreight my Love before me brought
Phillis, the object of my waking thought.
Undreſt ſhe came, my flames to meet,
Whilſt Love ſtrew'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flowers, that ſo preſt by her, became more ſweet.

2. From the bright Virgins head,
A careleſs Veil of Lawn was looſely ſpread:
From her white Temple fell her ſhady hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too brown nor fair,
Her hands, her lips did love inſpire,
Her every Grace my heart did fire,
But moſt her eyes, that languiſh with deſire.

3. Ah charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my bliſs deny?
By nature and by Love this lovely ſhade
Was for revenge of ſuffering Lovers made.
Silence and ſhades with Love agree,
Both ſhelter you and favour me:
You cannot bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

4. No, let me die, ſhe ſaid,
Rather then loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid.
Faintly methought ſhe ſpoke; for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a ſmile.
Then die, ſaid I: She ſtill denied,
And yet, *Thus, thus* ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs Maid, and ſo ſhe died.

5. I wak'd, and ſtraight I knew
I lov'd ſo well, it made my dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Miſtris of the two.
I fancy I had done what *Phillis* would not do.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain,
Whilſt I can dream you ſcorn in vain;
Aſleep or waking, you muſt eaſe my pain.

The diſconſolate Lover.

1. AS I lay all alone on my bed ſlumbring,
Thinking my reſtleſs ſoul to repoſe,
All my thoughts they began to be numbring
Up her diſdaining, the cauſe of my woes;
That ſo encreaſt my dolour and pain,
I fear I never ſhall ſee her again:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

2. When this fair cruel She I firſt ſaw praying
Within the Temple unto her Saint,
Then mine eyes every look my heart betraying,
Which is the cauſe of my doleful complaint,
That all my joys are quite fled and gone:
And I in ſorrow am now left alone:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

3. Then farewel ev'ry thing that ſounds like pleaſure,
And welcome Death the cure of my ſmart.

I deem'd firſt ſight of her, I graſp'd a treaſure;
But wo is me, it has broken my heart:
For now my Paſſing-bell calls me away,
And I with her no longer muſt ſtay:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

The ſubtil and coy Girl.
The Tune, Silvia *tell me how long it will be.*

3. WHy ſhould my *Celia* now be coy,
In denying to yeild me thoſe Graces
Which we did formerly both enjoy
In our amorous mutual embraces?
She'l not give me a reaſon,
But ſhews me a frown
Is enough to deſtroy a poor Lover.
Ah *Celia*, once I did think thee mine own,
But now I my folly diſcover.

2. Is it becauſe I have been ſo kind
At all times to feed thy deſire
In Preſents and Treats, thou haſt chang'd thy mind,
And left me like Dun in the Mire?
Or elſe is't becauſe thou doſt
Think my Eſtate
Is to mean to uphold thee in Brav'ry?

Know

Know *Celia*, 'tis not ſo much out of date
To force me endure ſo much ſlav'ry.

3. Or is't becauſe thou wilt follow the mode,
Since moſt are addicted to changing,
Thou'dſt only get thee a name abroad,
I being more famous for ranging.
Nay *Celia*, more this truth thou woo't find,
I therefore adviſe thee be wary,
When ever thou getſt thee a Mate to thy mind,
He'l play thee the ſame fegary.

The Drawing of Valentines
The tune, *Madams Jig*,

1. THere was, and there was,
And I marry was there,
A Crew on S. *Valentines* Eve did meet together,
And every Lad had his particlar Laſs there,
And drawing of *Valentines* cauſed their
Coming thither.
Then Mr. *John* drew Mrs. *Jone* firſt, Sir.
And Mrs. *Jone* would fain a draw *John* an' ſhe
Durſt, Sir.
So Mr. *William* drew Mrs. *Gillian* the nexr, Sir;
And Mrs. *Gillian* not drawing of *William*,
Was vex't, Sir.

2. They then did jumble all in the hat together,
And each did promiſe them to draw 'em fair Sir:
But Mrs. *Heſter* vow'd that ſhe had rather
Draw Mr. *Keſter* then any that was there Sir:
So Mr. *Keſter* drew Mrs. *Heſter* then Sir:
And Mrs. *Heſter* drew Mr. *Keſter* agen Sir:
And Mr. *Harry* drew Mrs. *Mary* featly,
And Mrs. *Mary* did draw Mr. *Harry* as neatly.

3. They all together then reſolved to draw Sir,
And every one deſir'd to draw their Friend Sir;
But Mr. *Richard* did keep 'em ſo in aw Sir,
And told 'em then they ne're ſhould make an end Sir,
So Mr. *Richard* drew Mrs. *Bridget* ſquarely,
And Mrs. *Bridget* drew Mr. *Richard* as fairly:
But Mr. *Hugh* drew Mrs. *Su* but ſlily,
And Mrs. *Su* did draw Mr. *Hugh* as wily.

4. Thus have you heard o'th' twelve that lately drew Sir,
How every one would fain their Friend have drawn Sir:
And now there's left to draw but four o'th crew Sir,
And each did promiſe his Laſs an ell of Lawn Sir.
So Mr. *Watty* drew Mrs. *Katy* but ſlightly,
And Mrs. *Katy* did draw Mr. *Watty* as lightly:
But Mr. *Thomas* in drawing of *Annis* to faſt Sir.
Made Mrs. *Annis* to draw Mr. *Thomas* at laſt Sir

5. And

5. And there is an end, and an end, and an end of my Song Sir,
Of *Jonne* and *Jony*, and *William* and *Gillian* too Sir,
To *Keſter* and *Heſter*, and *Harry* and *Mary* belong Sir,
Both *Richard* and *Bridget*, and *Hugh*, and honeſt *Sue*, Sir,
But *Watty* and *Katy*, and *Thomas* and *Annis* here, Sir,
Are the only four that now do bring up the Rear Sir:
They ev'ry one i'th' Tavern cry amain Sir,
And ſtaid till drawing there had fill'd their brain, Sir.

A late and true ſtory of a furious Scold, ſerved in her kind.

The tune, *Step ſtately.*

1. WAs ever man ſo vex'd with a Trull,
As I poor *Anthony* ſince I was wed,
For I never can get my belly full,
But before I have ſupp'd, I muſt haſten to bed:
Or elſe ſhe'l begin to ſcold and to brawl,
And to call me Puppy and Cuckold and all
Yet ſhe with here Cronies muſt trole it about,
Whileſt I in my Kennel muſt ſnore it out.

2. I once did go to drink with a Friend,
But ſhe in a trice did fetch me away:
We both but two pence a piece did ſpend,
Yet it prov'd to me Execution day;
For ſhe flew in my face, and call'd me fool,
And comb'd my head with a three-legg'd ſtool:
Nay, ſhe furniſht my face with ſo many ſcratches,
That for a whole month 'twas cover'd with patches.

3. Whatever money I get in the day,
To keep her in quiet I give her at night,
Or elſe ſhe'll licenſe her tongue to play
For two or three hours juſt like a ſpright.
Then to the Cupbord Pilgarlick muſt hie,
To ſeek for ſome Cruſts that have long lain dry:
So I ſteep 'um in skim-milk until they are wet,
And commonly this is the Supper I get.

4. And once a month, for faſhion ſake,
She gives me leave to come to her bed;
But moſt that time I muſt lie awake,
Leſt ſhe in her fits ſhould knock me o'th' head.
But for the Bed I do lie on my ſelf.
You'd think 'twere as ſoft as an Oaken ſhelf;
For the Tick it is made of Hempen-hurds:
And yet for all this I muſt give her good words.

5. We

5. We commonly both do piſs in a Pan,
But the Cullender once was ſet in the place:
She then did take it up in her hand,
And flounc't it out on my ſtomach and face.
I told her then ſhe urin'd beſide,
But ſhe call'd me Rogue, and told me I lied,
And ſwore it was not up to her thumb,
Then threw ſhe the pan in the middle of the room.

9. Then a Maid that was my Sweet heart before
Did come to the houſe to borrow a Pail:
I kiſt her but once, and I thought on't no more,
But ſhe flew in her face with tooth and nail:
But the Wench ſhe ſtood to her, and claw'd her about,
That for a whole fortnight ſhe never ſtirr'd out;
For her eyes were ſo ſwell'd, and her face was ſo tore
That I never ſaw Jade ſo mangled before.

7. She then did bid me drop in her eyes
A Sovereign Water ſent her that day,
But I had a Liquour I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and Mercury ſteep'd in Whey:
I dropt it in and nointed her face,
Which brought her into a moſt Devilliſh caſe:
For ſhe tore and ſhe ranted, and well ſhe might;
For after that time ſhe ne're had ſight.

8. I then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
To lead her about from place to place:
And now 'tis, *Husband, I hope you are well*;
But before it was *Cuckold* and *Rogue* to my face;
Then blest be that Henbane and *Mercury* strong,
That made such a change in my wives tongue.
You see 'tis a Medicine certain and sure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'le say no more.

A Song on the Declensions.
The tune is, *Shackle de hay*

MY Mistris she is fully known
To all the five declensions,
She'l seize 'em singly one by one,
To take their true Dimensions.
She ne'er declin'd yet any man,
Yet they'l decline her now and then,
In spight of her Inventions.

2. First *Musa* is her Mothers name,
And *hæc* does still attend her:
She is a *hujus* burley Dame,
Though *hujc* be but slender:
Yet she'l have a *hanc* on every man,
And *hac* him to do what he can,
Unless they do befriend her.

3. *Magi-*

3. *Magiſter* was her Father too,
And *hic* is ſtill his man Sir,
Nay *filius* is her Son alſo,
And *Dominus* her Grandſire:
Nay *Lucus*, *Agnus*, and that Lamb-like crew,
She'l call 'em *hunc's*, I and *hoc's* 'em too,
Do all that e'er they can Sir.

4. Next ſhe's to *lapis* very kind,
As honeſt *hic* has ſed Sir;
For ſhe's to precious ſtones inclin'd
Full long before ſhe was wed Sir.
Which made her Parents often ſay,
That *hic* and *hæc* both night and day,
Was forc'd to watch her bed Sir.

5. She beat poor *manus* with a Cane,
Though he did often hand her
From *Whetſtones-Park* to *Parkers-Land*,
And was her conſtant Pandor.
Yet give him *mani* buſſes when
That ſhe could get no other men,
That he could not withſtand her.

6. 'Bout noon ſhe'd with *Meridies* dine,
And ſup, and bed him too Sir:
She'd make poor *facies* to her incline,
I ſpight of all he could do Sir.

She

She day by day would *dies* pledge,
Which ſet poor *acies* teeth an edge,
And often made him ſpew Sir,

7. Thus have I ſhew'd her Kindred here,
And all her dear Relations,
As *Muſa*, *Lapis*, *Magiſter*,
And all their antick faſhions,
Meridies, *Manus*, and *Felix* too
Are happy that they never knew
Any of all her ſtations.

A Song of the three degrees of compariſon.

The tune, *And 'tis the Knave of Clubs bears all the ſway.*

MY Miſtris ſhe loves Dignities,
For ſhe has taken three degrees:
There's no compariſon can be made
With her in all her ſubtile Trade.
She's poſitively known a Whore,
And ſuperlatively runs on ſcore.

2. And firſt I *Poſitive* her call,
'Cauſe ſhe'l be abſolute in all:
For ſhe's to *durus* very hard,
And with ſad *triſtis* often jarr'd:

Whcih

Which happily made *Felix* ſay,
Sweet *dulcis* carried all away.

3. Next ſhe's call'd *Comparative*,
For ſhe'l compare to any alive,
For ſcolding, whoring, and the reſt
Of the Illiberal Sciences in her breſt:
She'l drink more hard than *durior*,
Though he would harder drink before.

4. Then ſhe's call'd *Superlative*;
'Cauſe ſhe'l her Pedigree derive,
Not from *Potens* or *Potentior*,
The Mighty, or the Mightier:
But from *Potentiſſimus*,
Not *bonus*, *melior*, but *Optimus*.

5. Thus have I ſhew'd my Miſtreſs t'ye,
And gardually in each degree:
How ſhe is *Poſitive* to ſome,
Comparative when others come,
Superlative even over all,
Yet underneath her ſelf will fall.

The kind Husband, but the imperious Wife.

The first part of the Tune his, and the latter part hers

M.

1. WIfe, prethee come give me thy hand now,
And sit the down by me:
There's never a man in all the Land now
Shall be more loving to thee.

W.

2. I hate to sit by such a Drone,
Thou liest like a Hog in Bed:
I had better a lain alone,
For I still have my Mainden-head.

M.

3. Wife, what wouldst thou have me to do now,
I think I plaid the man:
But if I were ruled by you now,
You'd have me do more than I can.

W.

4. I make you do more then you can?
You lie like a Fool God wot:
When I thought to have found thee a man.
I found thee a fumbling Sot.

M.

M.

5. Wife, prethee now leave off thy ranting,
And let us both agree;
There's nothing elſe ſhall be wanting,
If thou wilt be ruled by me.

W.

6. I will have a Coach and a man:
And a Saddle-Horſe to ride;
I alſo will have a Sedan,
And a Footman to run by my ſide.

M.

7. Thou ſhalt have all this, my dear wife,
And thou ſhalt bear the ſway,
And I'l provide thee good cheare, wife,
'Gainſt thou com'ſt from the Park or a Play.

W.

8. I'll have every month a new Gown,
And a Peticoat dy'd in grain,
Of the modiſheſt Silk in the Town,
And a Page to hold up my Train.

M.

9. Thou ſhalt have this too, my ſweet wife,
If thou'dſt contented be,
Or any thing elſe that is meet wife,
So that we may but agree.

W.

10. I will have a *Gallant* or two,
And they ſhall be handſom men:

And

And I'll make you to know your Cue,
When they come in and go out agen.

M.

11. Methinks a couple's to few, wife,
Thou ſhalt have three or four,
And yet I know thou'dſt be true, wife,
Although thou hadſt half a ſcore.

W.

12. I will have as many as I pleaſe,
In ſpite of your teeth, you fool,
And when I've the *Pocky Diſeaſe*,
'Tis thou ſhalt empty my ſtool.

M.

13. Why how now you brazen fac'd Harlot,
I'l make you to change your note,
And if ever I find you ſnarl at
My actions, I'l bang your Coat.

14. Nay, I'l make you to wait, you Flaps,
At Table till I have din'd,
And I'll leave you nothing but ſcraps,
Until I do find you more kind.

W.

15. Sweet Husband, I now cry *Peccavi*,
You know we women are frail;
And for the ill words that I gave ye,
Ask pardon, and hope to prevail.

For

For now I will lie at your foot,
Desiring to kiss your hand:
Nay, cast off my Gallants to boot,
And still be at your command.

A Song at the Dukes House.

1. MAke ready, fair Lady, to night,
And stand at the door below:
For I will be there to receive you with care,
And to your true love you shall go.

2. And when the Stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep,
To my Love will I fly, ere the Jealous can spy,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.

A Song at the Kings House.

1. TO little or no purpose have I spent all my days
In ranging the *Park*, th' *Exchange*, & the *Plays*,
Yet ne'r in my Ramble till now did I prove
So happy, to meet with the man I could love.
But O how I'm pleas'd when I think of the man
That I find I must love, let me do what I can!

2. How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Feaver, when I should be well:
My Passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it
But, O how I sigh, when I think, should he woo me,
That I cannot deny what I know will undo me!

A Song, The Tune, *Robin Rowser.*

MY Name is honest *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*:
In spight of *Cis*, or jealous *Bess*,
I'll have my own vagary.

2. My Love is blithe and buckſom,
And sweet and fine as can be:
Fresh and gay as the flowers in *May*,
And looks like *Jack a dandy*.

3. And if she will not have me,
That am so true a Lover,
I'l drink my Wine, and ne'r repine,
And down the stairs I'l shove her.

4. But if that she will love,
I'l be as kind as may be;

I'l give her Rings and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

5. Her Peticoat of Satin,
Her Gown of Crimſon Taby,
Lac'd up before and ſpangled o're,
Juſt like a *Bartlemew Baby.*

6. Her Waſtcoat is of Scarlet,
With Ribbons tied together,
Her Stocking of a bow-dy'd hue,
And her Shoes of Spaniſh Leather.

7. Her Smock o'th' fineſt Holland,
And lac'd in every quarter:
Side and wide, and long enough,
And hangs below her garter.

8. Then to the Church I'l have her,
Where we will wed together:
So come home when we have done,
In ſpight of wind and weather:

9. The Fidlers ſhall attend us,
And firſt play, *John come kiſs me*;
And when that we have danc'd a round,
They ſhall play, *Hit or miſs me.*

10. Then hey for little *Mary*,
'Tis she I love alone Sir:
Let any man do what he can,
I will have her or none Sir.

These following are to be understood two ways.

I Saw a Peacock, with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing Comet, drop down hail
I saw a Cloud, with Ivy circled round
I saw a sturdy Oak, creep on the ground
I saw a Pismire, swallow up a Whale
I saw a raging Sea, brimful of Ale
I saw a Venice Glass, sixteen foot deep
I saw a Well, full of mens tears that weep
I saw their Eyes, all in a flame of fire
I saw a House, as big as the Moon and higher
I saw the Sun, even in the midst of night
I saw the Man that saw this wondrous sight.

On the Sea-fight with the Hollanders in the Rumpstime.

MY wishes greet the Navy of the Dutch,
The English Fleet I all good fortune grutch,

May

May no ſtorm toſs *Van Trump* and his Sea-Forces,
The Harp and Croſs ſhall have my daily curſes.
Smile gentle Fates on the Dutch Admiral,
Upon our States the Plagues of *Egypt* fall;
Attend all health the Cavaliering part,
This Commonwealth I value not a fart.

Thus I my wiſhes and my prayers divide
Between the Rebel and the Regicide:
Backwads and forwards thus I break my mind,
And hope the Fates at laſt will be ſo kind,
That the old Proverb may but wheel about,
True men might have their own, now Knaves fall out.

The Anſwer to Ask me no more whither doth ſtray.

1. I'Ll tell you true whither doth ſtray
The darkneſs which ſucceeds the day;
For Heavens vengeance did allow
It ſtill ſhould frown upon your Brow.

2. I'll tell you true where may be found
A voice that's like the Screech-Owls ſound:
For in your falſe deriding throat
It lies, and death is in its note.

3. I'l tell you true whither doth paſs
The ſmiling look ſeen in the glaſs,
For in your face 't reflects and there
Falſe as your ſhadow doth appear.

4. I'l tell you true whither are blown
The angry wheels of Thiſtle-down:
It flies into your mind, whoſe care
Is to be light as Thiſtles are.

5. I'l tell you true within what Neſt
The Cuckow lays here eggs to reſt;
It is your Boſom, which can keep
Nor him nor them: Farewel, I'l ſleep.

A Dialogue beween William *and* Harry *Riding on the Way.*

H.

1. NOble, lovely, virtuous Creature,
Purpoſely ſo fram'd by nature,
To inthral your ſervants wits.

W.

2. Time muſt now unite our hearts,
Not for any my deſerts,
But becauſe methinks it fits.

H.

3. Deareſt treaſure of my thought,
And yet were thou to be bought,
With my life, thou wert not dear.

W.

4. Secret comfort of my mind,
Doubt no longer to be kind,
But be ſo, and ſo appear.

H.

5. Give me love for love again,
Let our loves be clear and plain,
Heaven is faireſt, when 'tis cleareſt.

W.

9. Left in clouds and in deferring,
We reſemble Seamen erring,
Fartheſt off when we are neareſt.

H.

7. Thus with numbers interchanged,
William's Muſe and mine have ranged,
Verſe and Journy both are ſpent.

W.

8. And if *Harry* chance to ſay,
That we well have ſpent the day,
I for my part am content.

A Gentleman on his beautiful Mistress.

1. YOu meaner Beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfie our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Sun shall rise?

2. You curious Chanters of the Wood,
That warble forth Dame Natures Lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By their weak accents, What's your praise
When Philomel *her voice shall raise?*

3. You Violets that first appear,
By your purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the Rose is blown?

4. So when my Mistris shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
She cannot less be then a Queen;
And I believe she was design'd
T' eclipse the glory of her kind.

A Description of the Spring.

AND now all Nature seem'd in love,
The lusty Sun began to move:
Now Juyce did stir th' embracing Vines,
And Birds had drawn their Valentines;
The jealous Trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled Fly;
Then stood my Friend with Patient skill,
Attending of his trembling Quill.
Already were the Eaves possest
With the swift Pilgrims dawbed Nest;
The Groves already did rejoyce,
In *Philomel*'s triumphing voice;
The Showrs were short, the Weather mild,
The Morning fresh, the Evening smil'd:
Jone takes her neat rub'd Pail, and now
She trips to meet the Sand-red Cow,
Where for some sturdy Foot-ball Swain
Jone stroaks a Syllabub or twain:
The Fields and Gardens were beset
With Tulip, Crocus, Violet:
And now, though late, the modest Rose
Did more than half a blush disclose:
Thus all lookt gay, all full of chear,
To welcom this new liv'ried Year.

On

On a Shepherd loſing his Miſtris.

Tune, *Amonſt the Myrtles as I walk'd.*

1. STay Shepherd, prethee Shepherd ſtay:
Didſt thou not ſee her run this way?
Where may ſhe be, canſt thou not gueſs?
Alas! I've loſt my Shepherdeſs.

2. I fear ſome Satyr has betray'd
My pretty Lamb unto the ſhade:
Then wo is me, for I'm undone,
For in the ſhade ſhe was my Sun.

3. In Summer heat were ſhe not ſeen,
No ſolitary Vale was green:
The blooming Hills, the downy Meads,
Bear not a Flower but where ſhe treads.

4. Hu'h'd were the ſenſeleſs Trees when ſhe
Sate but to keep them company:
The ſilver ſtreams were ſwell'd with pride,
When ſhe ſate ſinging by their ſide.

5. The Pink, the Cowſlip, and the Roſe
Strive to ſalute her where ſhe goes;

And

And then contend to kiss her Shoo,
The Pancy and the Daizy too.

6. But now I wander on the Plains,
Forsake my home, and Fellow-Swains,
And must for want of her, I see,
Resolve to die in misery.

7. For when I think to find my Love
Within the bosom of a Grove,
Methinks the Grove bids me forbear,
And sighing says, She is not here.

8. Next do I fly unto the Woods,
Where *Flora* pranks her self with Buds,
Thinking to find her there: But lo
The Myrtles and the Shrubs say, No.

6. Then what shall I unhappy do,
Or whom shall I complain unto?
No, no, here I'm resolv'd to die,
Welcome sweet Death and Destiny.

The Souldiers Resolution.

HEre stands the man that for his Countreys good
Has with couragious Arms in sweat and blood

Ran

Ran through an Host of Pikes: He, he I was
Out-dar'd the Thunder of the roaring Brass,
Kickt my black Stars, spurn'd Balls of fire with scorn,
Like to a Foot-ball in a frosty morn;
Made Death to tremble, and have bid my Drum
Beat a Defiance to the Cowardly scum.
And shall I now like a Pedantick stand,
Scraping and crouching with my Cap in hand
To base-born Peasants? No, he's but a Worm
That strikes his Top-sail to a little Storm.
Here then I'l fix, that nothing shall conrroul
The Resolutions of a Gallant Soul.

On the Golden Cross in Cheapside.

TWo Fellows gazing at the Cross in *Cheap*,
Says one, Methinks it is the rarest heap
Of Stone that e're was built; it ought, I see,
One of the Wonders of the World to be,
No, says the other, and began to swear,
The Crosses of the World no Wonders are.

On a Pretender to Gentility, ſuſpected to be a Highway-man.

A Great Pretender to Gentility,
Came to a Herald for his Pedigree:
Beginning there to ſwagger, roar, and ſwear,
Requir'd to know what Arms he was to bear:
The Herald knowing what he was, begun
To tumble o'r his Heraldry; which done,
Told him he was a Gentle man of note,
And that he had a very glorious Coat.
Prethee, what is't? quoth he, and here's your fees.
Sir, ſays the Herald, 'tis two Rampant Trees,
One Couchant; add to give it further ſcope,
A Ladder Paſſant, and a Pendant Rope:
And for a grace unto your Blue-coat Sleeves,
There is a Bird i'th' Creſt that ſtrangles Thieves.

A Song.

1. A Blith and bonny Country Laſs
Sate ſighing on the tender Graſs,
And weeping ſaid, will none come woo her?
A dapper Boy, a lither Swain,
That had a mind her love to gain,
With ſmiling looks ſtraight came unto her.

2. When

2. When as the wonton Girl espied
The means to make her self a Bride,
She simper'd much like bonny *Nell.*
The Swain that saw her very kind,
His Arms about her body twin'd,
And said, Fair Lass, how fare ye, well?

3. The Country Lass said, Well forsooth,
But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth, that makes me cry.
Alas, says he, what gars thy grief?
A wound, says she, without relief,
I fear that I a Maid shall die.

4. If that be all, the Shepherd said,
I'l make thee Wive it, gentle Maid,
And so recure thy Malady:
On which they kist, with many an Oath,
And 'fore God *Pan* did plight their Troth;
So to the Church away they hie.

5. And *Jove* send every pretty Peat,
That fears to die of this conceit,
So kind a Friend to help at last:
Then Maids shall never long again,
When they find ease for such a pain:
And thus my Roundelay is past.

A Song on Love.

1. IF Love be Life, I long to die;
Live they that liſt for me,
And he that gains the moſt thereby,
A fool at leaſt ſhall be.
But he that feels the ſoreſt fits,
Scapes with no leſs than loſs of wits.
Unhappy life they gain, which Love do entertain.

2. In day by feigned Looks they live,
By lying Dreams in night:
Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
Each ſmile a falſe delight.
If't hap their Lady pleaſant ſeem,
It is for others love they deem:
If void ſhe ſeem of joy, diſdain doth make her coy.

4. Such is the peace that Lovers find,
Such is the Life they lead,
Blown here and there with every wind,
Like Flowers in the Mead.
Now war, now peace, then war again,
Deſire, deſpair, delight, diſdain,
Though dead, in midſt of life; in peace, and yet at ſtrife.

A Song.

I Serve *Amynta* whiter than the snow,
Streighter than Cedar, brighter than the Glass,
More fine in trip than foot of running Roe,
More pleasant than the Field of flow'ring Grass;
More gladsom to my with'ring joys that fade,
Than Winters Sun, or Summers cooling Shade.

2. Sweeter then swelling Grape of ripest Vine;
Softer than feathers of the fairest swan,
Smoother than Jet, more stately than the Pine,
Fresher than Poplar, smaller than my span,
Clearer than *Phœbus* fiery pointed Beams,
Or Icy Crust of Crystals frozen streams.

3. Yet is she curster then the Bear by kind,
And harder-hearted than the aged Oak:
More glib than Oyl, more fickle than the Wind,
More stiff than steel, no sooner bent but broke.
Lo thus my service is a lasting sore;
Yet will I serve, although I die therefore.

The Deſcription of Love, in a Dialogue between two Shepherds, Will *and* Tom.

Tom.

1. SHepherd, what's Love, I prethee tell?

Will.

It is that fountain and that Well
Where Pleaſure and Repentance dwell:
It is perhaps that ſauncing Bell
That toles All-in to Heaven or Hell,
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

T.

2. Yet what is Love, I prethee ſay?

W.

It is a work on Holy-day:
It is *December* match'd with *May*,
When luſty Bloods in freſh array,
Hear ten months after of their play;
And this is Love, as I hear ſay.

T.

3. Yet what is Love, I pray be plain?

W.

It is a Sun-ſhine mixt with Rain;
It is a Tooth-ach, or worſe pain;
It is a Game, where none doth gain;
It is a thing turmoils the brain:
And this is Love, as I here ſayen.

T.

4. Yet Shepherd, what is Love, I pray?

W.

It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of ſporting fray;
It is a thing will ſoon away,
For 'twill not long with any ſtay:
And this is Love, as I here ſay.

T.

5. Yet what is Love, good Shepherd ſhow?

W.

A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that paſſeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that loves ſhall find it ſo:
And Shepherd, this is Love I trow.

A Song call'd Loves Lottery.

At the Dukes Houſe.

RUn to Loves Lottery, run Maids, and rejoice,
Whilſt ſeeking your chance, you meet your own Choice,
And boaſt that your luck you helpt with deſign,
By praying croſs legg'd to S. *Valentine.*

Hark

Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets ſound
Tanta, ra, ra, Tanta, ra, ra, Tanta, ra, ra.
Hark Maids, more Lots are drawn, Prizes abound;
Dub a dub, the Drum now beats,
And dub, a dub, a dub, Echo repeats,
As if the God of War had made
Loves Queen a Skirmiſh for a Serenade.
Haſte, haſte, fair Maids, and come away,
The Prieſt attends, the Bridegooms ſtay:
Roſes and Pinks will we ſtrow where you go,
Whilſt I walk in Shades of Willow.
When I am dead, let him that did ſlay me
Be but ſo kind, ſo gentle to lay me
There where neglected Lovers mourn,
Where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn,
Where Clerks in Quires ſad Dirges ſing,
Where ſweetly Bells at Burials ring.

On a Gentleman.

Tune, *My Freedom, which is all my Joy.*

1. POor *Cloris* wept, and from her eyes
The liquid tears came trickling down;
Such wealthy drops may well ſuffice,
To be the ranſom of a Crown:

And as she wept, she sigh'd, and said,
Alas for me unhappy Maid,
That by my folly, my folly am betray'd.

2. When first these eyes, unhappy eyes,
Met with the Author of my wo,
Methoughts our Souls did sympathize,
And it was death to say him no.
He su'd, I granted; O then befel
My shame, which I'me afraid to tell!
Ay me that I had never lov'd so well.

3. O had I been so wise as not
T'have yielded up my Virgin-Fort,
My life had been without a blot,
And dar'd the envy of Report;
But now my guilt hath made me be
A scorn for time to point at me,
As at the But and Mark of Misery.

4. Here now in sorrow do I sit,
And pensive thoughts possess my breast!
My silly heart with cares is split,
And grief denies me wonted rest:
Come then black night and screen me round,
That I may never more be found,
Unless in tears of sorrow drown'd.

On Men eſcap'd drowning in a Tempeſt.

1. ROcks, Shelves, and Sands, and all farewel:
Fie, who would dwell in ſuch a Hell
As is a Ship; which drunk doth reel,
Taking ſalt Healths from Deck to Keel.

2. Up we are ſwallowed in wet graves,
And ſous'd in Waves, by *Neptune's* Slaves:
What ſhall we do, being toſt to Shore,
Milk ſome blind Tavern, and there roar?

3. 'Tis brave, my Boys, to ſail on Land;
For being well mann'd, we can cry, Stand:
The Trade of purſing ne're ſhall fail,
Until the Hangman crys, Strike Sail.

On a great Heat in Egypt.

I Formerly in Countreys oft have been
Under the Æquinoctial, where I've ſeen
The Sun diſperſe ſuch a prodigious Heat,
That made our Sieve-like Skins to rain with Sweat:
Men would have given for an Eclipſe their lives,
Or one whiſper of Air: yet each man ſtrives

To throw up graſs, feathers, nay, women too,
To find the Wind: all falls like Lead, none blew.
The Dog-ſtar ſpits new fires, till't come to paſs,
Each man became his neighbours Burning glaſs:
Lean men did turn to aſhes preſently,
Fat men did roaſt to lean anatomy:
Young womens heat did get themſelves with child,
For none but they themſelves, themſelves defil'd.
Old women naturally to Witches turn'd,
And only rubbing one another, burn'd:
The Beaſts were bak'd, skin turn'd to cruſt they ſay,
And fiſhes in the River boild away:
Birds in the air were roaſted, and not burn'd;
For as they fell down, all the way they turn'd.

On a mighty Rain.

HEaven did not weep, but in its ſwelling eye
Whole ſeas of Rheum and moiſt Catarhs did lie,
Which ſo beſpawl'd the lower world, men ſee
Corn blaſted, and the fruit of every Tree:
Air was condens'd to water, 'gainſt their wiſh,
And all their Fowl were turn'd to flying Fiſh:
Like Watermen they throng'd to ply a Fare,
And thought it had been navigable air:
Beaſts loſt their natural motion of each limb;
Forgot to go, with practiſing to ſwim.

A Trout now here, you would not think how ſoon
Ta'ne ready dreſt for th' Empreſs of the Moon:
The fixed Stars, though to our eyes were miſſing,
We knew yet were, by their continual hiſſing.
Women ſeem'd Maremaids, ſailing with the wind,
The greateſt miracle was Fiſh behind:
But men are all kept ſhort againſt their wiſh,
And could commit but the cold ſin of Fiſh.

The blunt Lover.

MAdam, I cannot court your ſprightly eyes
With a Baſe-Viol plac'd betwixt my thighs:
I cannot liſp, nor to the Guittar ſing,
And tire my brains with ſimple Sonnetting,
I am not faſhion'd for theſe amorous times,
And cannot court you in laſcivious Rhimes:
Nor can I whine in puling Elegies,
And at your feet lie begging from your eyes
A gracious look: I cannot dance nor caper,
Nor dally, ſwear, proteſt, lie, rant, and vaper,
I cannot kiſs your hand, play with your hair,
And tell you that you only are moſt fair:
I cannot croſs my arms, nor cry, Ay me
Poor forlorn man? All this is foppery.
Nor can I Maſquerade, as th' faſhion's now,
No, no, My heart to theſe can never bow:

But what I can do, I ſhall tell you roundly.
Hark in your ear; By *Jove* I'le kiſs you ſoundly.

On a Watch loſt in a Tavetn.

A Watch loſt in a Tavern! That's a Crime;
Then ſee how men by drinking loſe their time.
The Watch kept Time; and if Time will away,
I ſee no reaſon why the Watch ſhould ſtay.
You ſay the Key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a Pocket.
Henceforth if you will keep your Watch, this do,
Pocket your Watch, and watch your Pocket too.

A Song, with the Latine to it.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Veſper,
And the wild Forreſters couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the Evenings whiſper
Unto a fragrant Field with Roſes crown'd,
Where ſhe before had ſent her wiſhes complement,
Which to her hearts content plaid with me on the Green:
Never *Mark Anthony* dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Egyptian* Queen.

The

The Latin.

Cantu Luſcinia ſomnum irritat,
Salvi vagi ſunt in Cubilibus:
Hoc me ſilentio Venus invitat,
Ad viridarium fragrantius;
Ubi præmiſerat qui mentem flexerat,
Gaudia temperat ſic mihi ſolida.
O non dux Amaſius luſit beatius
Cum Regina Nilotica.

De Vino & Venere.

DOte neither on *Women*, nor on *Wine*,
For to thy hurt they both alike incline:
Venus thy ſtrength, and *Bacchus* with his ſweet
And pleaſant Grape debilitates the feet.
Blind Love will blab what he in ſecret did,
In giddy Wine there's nothing can be hid.
Seditious wars oft *Cupid* hath begun,
Bacchus to arms makes men in fury run:
Venus (unjuſt) by horrid war loſt *Troy*;
Bacchus by war the *Lapithæ* did deſtroy.
When thou with both or either are poſſeſt,
Shame, honeſty, and fear oft flies thy breſt:

In

In fetters *Venus* keep, in gyves *Bacchus* tye,
Leſt by their free gifts they thee damnifie.
Uſe Wine for thirſt, *Venus* for lawful Seed;
To paſs theſe limits, may thy danger breed.

On wine.

HE that with Wine, Wine thinks t'expel,
One ill would with another quell:
A Trumpet, with a Trumpet drown:
Or with the Cryer of the Town
Still a loud man: Noiſe deaf with noiſe,
Or to convert a Bawd, make choice
Of a Pander: Pride with pride ſhame thus,
Or put a Cook down by *Caliſtratus*;
Diſcord by diſcord think to eaſe,
Or any man with ſcoffs appeaſe:
So War by Battel to reſtrain,
And labour mitigate by pain:
Command a ſudden peace between
Two ſhrill Scolds in the height of ſpleen:
By Drink to quench Drink is all one,
As is by ſtrife, ſtrife to attone.

A Song called Hide-Park.

The tune,

Honour invites you to delights,
Come to the Court, and be all made Knights,

1. COme all you noble, you that are neat ones,
Hide Park is now both fresh and green:
Come all you Gallants that are great ones,
And are desirous to be seen:
Would you a Wife or Mistriss rare,
Here are the best of *England* fair:
Here you may chuse, also refuse,
As you your judgments please to use.

2. Come all you Courtiers in your neat fashions,
Rich in your new unpaid-for silk:
Come you brave Wenches, and court your stations,
Here in the bushes the Maids do milk:
Come then and revel, the Spring invites
Beauty and youth for your delights,
All that are fair, all that are rare,
You shall have license to compare.

3. Here

3. Here the great Ladies all of the Land are,
Drawn with six Horses at the least:
Here are all that of the *Strand* are,
And to be seen now at the best.
Westminster-Hall, who is of the Court,
Unto this place doth now all resort:
Both high and low here you may know,
And all do come themselves to show.

4. The Merchants wives that keep their Coaches,
Here in the Park do take the air;
They go abroad to avoid reproaches,
And hold themselves as Ladies fair:
For whilst their Husbands gone are to trade
Unto their ships by Sea or Land:
Who will not say, why may not they
Trade, like their own Husbands, in their own way.

5. Here from the Countrey come the Girls flying
For husbands, though of parts little worth:
They at th' *Exchange* have been buying
The last new fashion that came forth:
And are desirous to have it seen,
As if before it ne're had been:
So you may see all that may be
Had in the Town or Countrey.

6. Here

6. Here come the Girls of the rich City,
Aldermens daughters fair and proud,
Their Jealous Mothers come t' invite ye,
For fear they ſhould be loſt i'th' croud:
Who for their breeding are taught to dance,
Their birth and fortune to advance:
And they will be as frolick and free,
As you your ſelf expect to ſee.

To his coy Miſtris.

1. COy one, I ſay, Be gone,
My love-days now are done:
Were thy Brow like Iv'ry free,
Yet 'tis more black than Jet to me.

2. Might thy hairy Treſs compare
With *Daphne*'s ſporting with the air,
As it is worſe fetter'd far
Than th' knotty tuffs of Mandrakes are.

3. Were there in thy ſquint eyes found
True native ſparks of Diamond;
As they are duller ſure I am,
Than th' Eye-Lamps of a dying man,

4. Were

4 Were thy breath a Civet scent,
Or some purer Element;
As there's none profess thee love,
Can touch thy lips without a Glove.

5. Were thy Nose of such a shape,
As Nature could no better make;
As it is so skrewed in,
It claims acquaintance with thy Chin.

6. Were thy Breasts two rising Mounts,
Those Ruby Nipples milky Founts,
As these two so fairly move,
They'd make a Lover freeze for love.

7. Could thy pulse affection beat,
Thy Palm a balmy moisture sweat;
As their active vigor's gone,
Dry and cold as any stone.

8. Were thy arms, legs, feet, and all,
That we with modesty can call;
Nay, were they all of such a grace,
As't might be stil'd, *Loves amorous place.*

9. As all these yield such weak delight,
They'd fright a Bridegroom the first night:

And

And hold it a curſe for to be ſped
Of ſuch a fury in his bed.

10. Could thine high improved ſtate,
Vye with the greateſt Potentate:
As in all their ſtore I find
Mole-hills to a noble mind.

11. Were thou as rich in Beauties form,
As thou art held in Natures ſcorn:
I vow theſe ſhould be none of mine,
Becauſe they are entitled thine.

A Dialogue concerning Hair, between a Man and a Woman.

M.

1. ASk me no more why I do wear
My Hair ſo far below my ear:
For the firſt Man that e're was made
Did never know the Barbers Trade.

W.

2. Ask me no more where all the day
The fooliſh Owl doth make her ſtay:

'Tis

'Tis in your Locks; for tak't from me,
She thinks your hair an Ivy-tree.

M.

3. Tell me no more that length of hair
Can make the visage seem less fair;
For howsoe'r my hair doth sit,
I'm sure that yours comes short of it.

W.

4. Tell me no more men were long hair
To chase away the colder air;
For by experience we may see
Long hair will but a back friend be.

M.

5. Tell me no more that long hair can
Argue deboistnes in a man;
For 'tis Religious being inclin'd,
To save the Temples from the wind.

W.

6. Ask me no more why Roarers wear
Their hair extant below their ear;

For having morgag'd all their Land,
They'd fain oblige the appearing Band.

M.

7. Ask me no more why hair may be
The expreſſion of Gentility:
'Tis that which being largely grown,
Derives its Gentry from the Crown.

W.

8. Ask me no more why graſs being grown,
With greedy Sickle is cut down,
Till ſhort and ſweet; So ends my Song,
Leſt that long hair ſhould grow to long.

A Song.

1. THat Beauty I ador'd before,
I now as much deſpiſe:
'Tis Money only makes the Whore:
She that for love with her Crony lies,
Is chaſte: But that's the Whore that kiſſes for prize.

2. Let *Jove* with Gold his *Danae* woo,
It shall be no rule for me:
Nay, 't may be I may do so too,
When I'me as old as he.
Till then I'le never hire the thing that's free.

3. If Coin must your Affection Imp,
Pray get some other Friend:
My Pocket ne're shall be my Pimp,
I never that intend.
Yet can be noble too, if I see they mend.

4. Since Loving was a Liberal Art,
How canst thou trade for gain?
The pleasure is on your part,
'Tis we Men take the pain:
And being so, must Women have the gain?

---

5. No, no, I'le never farm your Bed,
Nor your Smock-Tenant be:
I hate to rent your white and red,
You shall not let your Love to me:
I court a Mistris, not a Landlady.

6. A Pox take him that first set up,
The Excise of Flesh and Skin:

And since it will no better be,
Let's both to kiss begin;
To kiss freely; if not, you may go spin.

The Careless Swain.

1. IS she gone? let her go; faith Boys, I care not,
I'l not sue after her, I dare not, I dare not.
Though she'as more Land than I by many an Acre,
I have plow'd in her ground, who will may take her?

2. She is a witty one, and she is fair too;
She must have all the Land that she is Heir too:
But as for Free Land she has not any,
For hers is *Lammas* ground, common to many.

3. Were it in Several, 'twere a great favour,
It might be an inriching to him that shall have her;
But hers is common ground, and without bounding,
You may graze in her ground, and fear no pounding.

A Catch for three Voices.

Jack, Will and *Tom* are ye come,
I think there is mirth in your faces:
How glad I'm to see such Lads all agree
In tunes, and time, and graces.

A Song.

1. *Chloris*, when I to thee present
The cause of all my discontent;
And shew that all the wealth that can
Flow from this little world of man,
Is nought but Constancy and Love,
Why will you other objects prove?

2. O do not cozen your desires
With common and mechanick fires:
That picture which you see in gold,
In every Shop is to be sold,
And Diamonds of richest prize
Men only value with their eyes.

3. But look upon my loyal heart,
That knows to value every part:

And

And loves thy hidden virtue more
Than outward shape, which fools adore:
In that you'l all the treasures find
That can content a noble mind.

The forsaken Maid, A Song.

1. NOr Love, nor Fate dare I accuse,
For that my Love doth me refuse:
But O mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so great a bliss!
Too mickle 'twere for me to love
A man so like the Gods above,
With Angels face, and Saint-like voice,
'Tis too Divine for Humane choice.

2. But had I wisely given mine heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part:
As only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar Grace;
As foot, or hand, or lip, or eye:
Then had I liv'd where now I die.
But I presuming all to chuse,
Am now condemned all to lose.

3. You Rural Gods that guard the Swains,
And punish all unjust disdains;

O do not censure him for this,
It was my error, and not his.
This only boon of you I'le crave,
To fix these Lines upon my Grave:
Like Icarus, *I soar'd too high,*
For which offence I pine, I die.

On a Precise Taylor.

A Taylor, but a man of upright dealing,
True, but for lying; honest, but for stealing;
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on a sudden fell in a wonderous Trance:
The Fiends of Hell must ring in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd Silks display'd a Banner
Which he had stoln; and wish'd, as they did tell,
That he might one day find it all in Hell.
The man affrighted at this Apparition,
Upon Recovery grew a great precisian;
He bought a Bible of the new Translation,
And in his Life he shew'd great Reformation:
He walk'd demurely, and he talked meekly,
He heard two Lectures, and two Sermons weekly:
He vow'd to shun all Company unruly,
And in his speech he us'd no Oath but Truly:
And zealously to help the Sabbaths Rest,
The Meat for that day on the Eve was drest:

And

And leſt the cuſtom that he had to ſteal,
Might cauſe him ſometimes to forget his zeal,
He give his Journey-man a ſpecial charge,
That if the Stuff allow'd fell out to large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
He then ſhould put the Banner in his mind.
This done, I ſcarce can tell the reſt for laughter,
A Captain of a Ship came three days after,
And bought three yards of Velvet and three quarters,
To make his Veſt ſo large to hang below his garters.
He that preciſely knew what was enough,
Soon ſlipt away a quarter of the Stuff:
His man eſpying it, ſaid in deriſion,
Remember, Maſter how you ſaw the Viſion.
Peace, Fool, quoth he, I did not ſee one rag
Of ſuch like coulour'd Stuff within the Flag.

The Scotch Girls Complaint for an Engliſhmans going away, when my Lord Monk *came for* England.

1. ILl tide this cruel Peace that hath gain'd a War on me,
I never fancied Laddy till I ſaw mine Enemy:
O methoughts he was the blitheſt one
That e're I ſet mine eyes upon:

Well might have fool'd a wiser one,
As he did me:
He look'd so pretty, and talk'd so witty,
None could deny,
But needs must yield the Fort up,
Gude faith, and so did I.

2. Tantara went the Trumpets, and strait we were in Arms,
We dreaded no Invasions, Embraces were our Charms.
As we close to one another sit,
Did according to our Mothers wit,
But hardly now can smother it,
It will be known,
Alack and welly, sick back and belly,
Never was Maid,
A Soldier is a comming, though young,
Makes me afraid.

3. To *England* bear this Sonnet, direct it unto none,
But to the brave *Monk*-Heroes, both sigh and singing moan:
Some there are perhaps will take my part,
At his bosom *Cupid* shake his dart,
That from me he ne'r may part,
That is mine own:

O maiſt thou never were Bow and Quiver,
Till I may ſee
Once more the happy feature
Of my lov'd Enemy.

On Fairford *curious Church-Windows, which ſcap'd the War and the Puritan.*

TEll me, you Anti-Saints, why Glaſs
To you is longer liv'd than Braſs;
And why the Saints have ſcap'd their falls
Better on Windows than on Walls?
Is it becauſe the Brothers fires
Maintain a Glaſs-houſe at *Black friers*?
Next, why the Church ſtands North and South,
And Eaſt and Weſt the Preachers mouth?
Or is't becauſe ſuch painted ware
Reſembles ſomething what you are?
So pide, ſo ſeeming, ſo unſound
In Doctrine and in Manners found,
That out of Emblematick wit
You ſpare your ſelves in ſparing it?
If it be ſo, then *Fairford* boaſt,
Thy Church hath kept what all hath loſt:
It is preſerved from the bane
Of either War or Puritan;

Whoſe

Whose Life is coloured in thy Paint,
The inside Dross, but outside Saint.

The Soldiers praise of a Lowse.

1. WIll you please to hear a new Ditty,
In praise of six a footed Creature:
She lives both in Country and City,
She's wondrous loving by nature.

2. She'l proffer her service to any,
She'l stick close but she will prevail:
She is entertained by many,
Till death no Master she'l fail.

3. Your rich men she cannot endure,
Nor can she your shifter abide:
But still she sticks close to the poor,
Though often they claw her hide.

4. The non suited man she'l woo him,
Or any good fellows that lack:
She will be as nigh a friend to him
As the shirt that sticks to his back.

5. Your neat Landress she perfectly hates,
And those that do set her awork:

And

And ſtill in foul Linen delights,
That ſhe in the ſeams on't may lurk.

6. Corruption ſhe draws like a Horſe-leech,
Being big, ſhe grows a great breeder:
At night ſhe goes home to her Cottage,
And in the day is a devilliſh feeder.

7. To Commanders and Soldiers in purging
I'm ſure her Receipts are good:
For ſhe ſaves them the charge of a Surgeon
In ſucking and letting of blood.

8. She'l venture in a Battel as far
As any Commander that goes:
She'l play *Jack* a both ſides in war,
And cares not a pin for her foes.

9. She's always ſhot-free in fight,
To kill her no Sword will prevail:
And if took Priſoner by flight,
She'r cruſh'd to death with a Nail,

From her and her breed *Jove* defend us
For her company we have had ſtore:
t her go to the Court and the Gentry,
And trouble poor Soldiers no more.

A Song.

1. METhought the other night
I saw a pretty sight
That mov'd me much:
A fair and comely Maid
Not squeamish nor afraid
To let me touch.
Our lips most sweetly kissing
Each other never missing:
Her smiling look did shew content,
That she did nought but what she meant.

2. And as our lips did move,
The Echo still was Love,
Love, love me sweet.
Then with a Maiden blush,
Instead of crying Push,
Our lips did meet:
With Musick sweet by sounding,
And Pleasures all abounding,
We kept the Burden of the Song,
Which was, *That Love should take no wrong.*

A Song.

1. O My dearest, I shall grieve thee
When I swear, yet Sweet believe me.
By thine eye, that Crystal Book
In which all crabbed old men look,
I swear to thee, though none abhor them,
Yet I do not love thee for them.

2. I do not love thee for that fair
Rich Fan of thy most curious Hair:
Though the wires thereof are drawn
Finer than the threds of Lawn,
And are softer than the fleeces
Which the subtil Sipnner weaves.

3. I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy Cheeks, Loves Bowers,
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can part their white and red:
Loves golden Arrows there are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

4. I do not love thee for those soft
red Coral Lips I've kist so oft,

Nor teeth of Pearl, though double rear'd
To speech, where Musick still is heard,
Though from thence a kiss being taken,
Would Tyrants melt, and death awaken.

5. I do not love thee, O my Fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver Pillar which stands under
Thy lovely Head, that Glass of wonder:
Though thy Neck be whiter far
Than Towers of polish'd Ivory are.

6. Nor do I love thee for those Mountains
Hid with Snow, whence Nectar Fountains
Sug'red sweet, and Syrup-berry,
Must one day run through Pipes of Cherry:
O how much those breasts do move me!
Yet for these I do not love thee.

7. I do not love thee for thy Palm,
Though the dew thereof be Balm:
Nor thy curious Leg and Foot,
Although it be a precious Root
Whereon this stately Cedar grows:
Sweet I love the not for those.

8. Nor

8. Nor for thy wit so pure and quick,
Whose substance no Arithmetick
Can number down; Nor for the charms
Thou mak'st with thy embracing arms;
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest I would gladly die.

9. I love the not for eyes nor hair,
Nor lips, nor teeth that are so rare,
Nor for thy neck, nor for thy breasts,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest:
Nor for thy hand, nor foot, nor smell,
But would'st thou know, dear sweet, for all.

An old Song on the Spanish Armado.

SOme years of late in eighty eight,
As I do well remember,
was some say, the nineteenth of *May*,
And some say in *September*,
And some say in September.

...e Spanish train, lanch'd forth amain,
With many a fine bravado
...eir (as they thought) but it prov'd not,
Invincible *Armado*,
Invincible Armado.

3. There

3. There was a little man that dwelt in *Spain*,
Who ſhot well in a Gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
As the Knight of the Sun a,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

4. King *Philip* made him Admiral,
And bid him not to ſtay a
But to deſtroy, both man and boy,
And ſo to come away a,
And ſo to come away a.

5. Their Navy was well victualled
With Biſket, Peaſe, and Bacon,
They brought two Ships, well fraught with Whips,
But I think they were miſtaken,
But I think they were miſtaken.

6. Their men were young, Munition ſtrong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet to joyn their Fleet,
All with the Prince of *Parma*,
All with the Prince of Parma.

7. They coaſted round about our Land,
And ſo came in by *Dover*:
But we had men ſet on 'um then,
And threw the Raſcals over,
And threw the Raſcals over.

8. The Queen was then at *Tilbury*,
What could we more deſire a,
And Sir *Francis Drake* for her ſweet ſake,
Did ſet them all on fire a,
Did ſet them all on fire a.

9. Then ſtrait they fled by Sea and Land,
That one man kill'd threeſcore a;
And had not they all ran away,
In truth he had kill'd more a,
In truth he had kill'd more a.

10. Then let them neither brag nor boaſt,
But if they come agen a,
Let them take heed, they do not ſpeed,
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a.

The Loyal Priſoner.

1. BEat on proud Billows, *Boreas* blow,
Swell curled waves high as *Joves* roof:
Your incivility ſhall ſhow,
That innocence is Tempeſt proof:
Though ſurly Nereus *frown, my thoughts are calm,*
Then ſtrike afflictions, for your wounds are balm.

2. That which the world miſcalls a Jail,
A private Cloſet is to me,
Whilſt a good Conſcience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, Bars, and Solitude together met,
Make me no Priſ'ner, but an Anchoret.

3. And whilſt I wiſh to be retir'd
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wiſdoms had conſpir'd
The Salamander ſhould be burn'd:
Or like thoſe Sophies, which would drown a fiſh,
I am condemn'd to ſuffer what I wiſh.

4. The

4. The Cynick hugs his poverty,
The Pellican her Wilderneſs:
And 'tis the Indians pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucaſus.*
Contentment cannot ſmart, Stoicks we ſee,
Make torments eaſie to their Apathie.

5. I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,
Like ſome high prized *Margerit:*
Or like ſome great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloiſter'd up from publick ſight:
Retiredneſs is a piece of Majeſty;
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

6. Theſe Manicles about my arms,
I as my Miſtris Favours wear:
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have ſome iron Shackles there:
Theſe walls are but my Garriſon, my Cell,
What men call Jail, doth prove my Cittadel.

7. So he that ſtroke at *Jaſons* life,
Thinking to have made his purpoſe ſure,
With a malicious friendly knife,
Was only wounded to a cure.
Malice, I ſee, wants wit; for what is meant
Miſchief oft-times proves favours by th' event.

8. What though I cannot see my King,
Neither in's Person, nor his Coin:
Yet Contemplation is a thing
Which renders what I have not mine:
My King from me what Adamants can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

9. Have you not seen the Nightingale
A pris'ner like, coop'd in a Cage?
How she doth chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow Hermitage?
Even then her Melody doth plainly prove,
That her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

10. I am that Bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty:
Although they see my Corps confin'd,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free,
Although I'm mew'd, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to Rebels, Glory to my King.

On his firſt Love,

MY firſt Love, whom all beauty did adorn,
Firing my heart, ſuppreſt it with her ſcorn,
And ſince like Tinder in my breaſt it lies,
By every ſparkle made a Sacrifice.
Each wanton eye, now kindles my deſire,
And that is now to all, which was intire:
For now my wanton thoughts are not confin'd
Unto a woman, but to woman kind:
This for her ſhape I love, that for her face,
This for her geſture, or ſome other grace:
And ſometimes when I none of theſe can find,
I chuſe them by the kernel, not the rind;
And ſo do hope, though my chief hope be gone,
To find in many what I loſt in one.
She is in fault which caus'd me firſt to ſtray,
Needs muſt he wander which hath loſt his way:
Guiltleſs I am, ſhe did this change provoke,
And made that Charcoal, which at firſt was Oak:
For as a Looking-glaſs to the aſpect,
Whilſt it is whole, doth but one face reflect;
But crack'd and broken in pieces, there are ſhown
Many falſe faces where firſt was but one:
So love into my heart did firſt prefer
Her Image, and there planted none but her:

But when 'twas crack'd and martyr'd by her ſcorn,
Many leſs faces in her ſeat were born:
Thus like to Tinder, I am prone to catch
Each falling ſparkle, fit for any match.

On his Miſtriſs going to Sea.

FArewel, fair Saint, may not the ſeas and wind
Swell like the heart and eyes you left behind:
But calm and gentle, like the looks they bear,
Smile in your face, and whiſper in your ear:
Let no foul billow offer to ariſe,
That it might nearer look upon your eyes;
Leſt Wind and Waves enamour'd with ſuch form,
Should throng and crowd themſelves into a ſtorm.
But if it be your fate, vaſt Seas, to love,
Of my becalmed heart learn how to move:
Move then but in a gentle Lovers pace,
No wrinkles, nor no furrows in your face;
And you fierce winds, ſee that you tell your tale
In ſuch a breath as may but fill her ſail:
So while court her each a ſeveral way,
You will her ſafely to her Port convey,
And loſe her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilſt both contribute to your own undoing.

On

On a Bluſh.

STay luſty blood, where wilt thou ſeek
So bleſt a place as in her cheek?
How canſt thou from that cheek retire,
Where vertue doth command deſire?
But if thou canſt not ſtay, then flow
Down to her panting paps below;
Flow like a Deluge from her breaſts,
Where *Venus* Swans have built their Neſts;
And ſo take glory to beſtain
With azure blew each ſwelling Vein:
Then boiling, run through every part,
Till thou haſt warm'd her frozen heart:
And if from love it would retire,
Then Martyr it with gentle fire:
And having ſearch'd each ſecret place,
Fly thou back into her face:
Where live thou bleſt in changing thoſe
White Lillies to a ruddy Roſe.

In praise of a Mask.

THere is not half so warm a fire
In fruition as desire:
When we have got the fruit of pain,
Possession makes us poor again,
Expected form and shape unknown,
Whets and makes sharp temptation:
Sense is too nigardly for bliss,
And daily pays us with what is.
But ignorance doth give us all
That can within her brightness fall:
Veil therefore still, whilst I divine
The riches of that hidden Mine:
And make imagination tell
All wealth that can in beauty dwell.
Thus the highly valu'd Oar,
Earths dark Exchequer keeps in store:
And search'd in secret, only quits
The travel of the hands and wits;
Who dares to ransack all the hoards,
That Natures privy Purse affords.
Our eye the apprehensions Thief,
Blinds our unlimited belief.
When wee see all, we nothing see,
Disclosure may prove Robbery.

For

For if you ſhine not, faireſt, being ſhown,
I pick a Cabinet for a *Briſtol* Stone.

Excuſe for Abſence.

YOu'l ask, perhaps, wherefore I ſtay,
Loving ſo much, ſo long away?
Do not think 'twas I did part;
It was my body, not my heart:
For, like a Compaſs, in your love
One Foot is fixt that cannot move:
To' other may follow the blind giude
Of giddy Fortune, but not ſlide
Beyond your Service; nor dare venture
To wander far from you the Center.

To his Mistris.

KEep on your Mask, and hide your eye,
For with beholding it I die.
Your fatal Beauty, *Gorgon*-like,
Dead with astonishment doth strike:
Your piercing eyes, if them I see,
Are worse than Basilisks to me.
Shut from mine eyes those hills of Snow,
Their melting Valley do not show;
Those Azure paths lead to despair,
O vex me not, forbear, forbear:
For whilst I thus in torment dwell,
The sight of Heaven is worse than Hell.
Your dainty voice, and warbling breath,
Sound like a Sentence past for death:
Your dangling Tresses are become
The instruments of final doom;
O if an Angel torture so,
When life is done, what shall I do?

To

To his Miſtris.

I'Ll tell you how the Roſe did firſt grow red,
And whence the Lilly whiteneſs borrowed:
You bluſh'd, and then the Roſe with red was dight:
The Lilly kiſt your hand, and ſo came white.
Before that time each Roſe had but a ſtain,
The Lilly nought but paleneſs did contain:
You have the native colour, thoſe the dye,
They owe their borrowed glories to your eye.

Hic jacet John Shorthoſe
Sine hoſe, *ſine* ſhooes, *ſine* breeches,
Qui fuit dum vixit, ſine goods,
Sine lands, *ſine* riches.

On

On his Miſtris.

IS ſhe not wondrous fair? O but I ſee
She is ſo much too ſweet, too fair for me,
That I forget my flames, and every fire
Hath taught me not to love, but to admire:
Juſt like the Sun, methinks I ſee her face,
Which I ſhould gaze on ſtill, but not embrace;
For 'tis Heavens pleaſure that ſhe ſhould be ſent
As pure to Heaven again, as ſhe was lent
To us: And bid us, as we hope for bliſs,
Not to profane her with a mortal kiſs.
Then how cold grows my Love, and I how hot?
O how I love her, how I love her not!
So doth my Ague-love torment by turns,
And now it freezeth, now again it burns.

A Sigh.

GO thou gentle whiſp'ring Wind,
Bear this Sigh, and if you find
Where my cruel Fair doth reſt,
Caſt it in her ſnowy Breaſt:

The

The ſweet Kiſſes thou ſhalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Taſt her lips, and then confeſs,
If *Arabia* doth poſſeſs
Or the *Hybla* honour'd hill,
Sweets like thoſe that there diſtil.
Having got ſo, with a fee
Do another boon for me:
Thou canſt with thy powerful blaſt
Heat apace, and cool as faſt:
Then for pity either ſtir
Up the fire of Love in her,
That alike both flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

To a ſpruce and very finely deck'd Lady.

2. STill to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As if you were going to a feaſt:
Still to be powder'd, ſtill perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

2. Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes largely flowing, hairs as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' Adulteries of art:
They please my eye, but not my heart.

The Good Fellows Song.

1. AS we went wandring all the night,
The Brewers Dog our brains did bite,
Our Heads grew heavy, and our Heels grew light,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

2. Our Hostess then bid us pay her Score,
We call'd her Whore, and we paid her no more,
And we kick'd our Hostess out of the door,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

3. And as we went wandring in the Street,
We trod the Kennels under our feet,
And fought with every Post we did meet,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

4. The

4. The Conſtable then with his ſtaff and band,
He bid us if we were men to ſtand,
We told him he bid us do more than we can,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

5. Our Hoſteſſes Cellar it is our bed,
Upon the Barrels we lay our head,
The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

Upon Faſting.

THe poor man faſts, becauſe he has no meat;
The ſick man faſts, becauſe he cannot eat:
The Uſerer faſts, to encreaſe his ſtore:
The Glutton faſts, 'cauſe he can eat no more;
The Hypocrite, becauſe he'd be commended:
The Saints do faſt, becauſe they have offended.

One

ONe wiſh'd me to a Wife that's fair and young,
That hath *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Italian* tongue:
I thank'd him, but yet I'l have none of ſuch;
For I think one tongue for a Maid's too much:
What, love you not the Learned? yes as my life,
The learned Scholar, but the unlearned Wife.

On a Lover that would not be beloved again.

DIſdain me ſtill, that I may ever love,
For who his love enjoys, can love no more:
The War once paſt, with peace men cowards prove,
The ſhips return'd do rot upon the ſhore,
Then frown although I ſay thou art moſt fair,
And ſtill I love thee though I ſtill deſpair.

As heat to life, ſo is deſire to love,
For theſe once quench'd, both life and love are done:
Let not my ſighs and tears thy virtues move
Like baſeſt Metal do not melt ſo ſoon,
Laugh at my woes although I ever mourn,
Love ſurfeits with rewards, his Nurſe is ſcorn.

A Rural Song.

1. COme Lads and Laſſes, each one that paſſes,
Dance a round on the ground
Whilſt green the graſs is.
For if you'l ever, with mirth endeavour
With heart and voice, rejoyce,
Come now or never:
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor ſilly Maid.

2. Now here, now yonder, with Gooſe and Gander,
With your Ducks, Hens, and Cocks,
Safe may you wander,
Securely may you go, to the Market to and fro,
John and *Jone* all arow,
And never fear the foe,
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor ſilly Maid.

3. Sweeteſt come hither, let us thither,
Where we'l court, and there ſport
Freely together.

We'l enjoy kisses, with other blisses,
So come home, when we have done,
And none shall miss us.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor silly Maid.

4. Over yon Bower, *Jove* seems to lowre,
As he meant to prevent
Our happiest hour:
But the times treasure, giving us leasure
In spight of *Jove*, for to prove
Our chiefest pleasure.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor silly Maid.

A Scotch Song, called Gilderoy.

1. WAS ever grief so great as mine,
Then speak dear Bearn, I prethee,
That thus must leave my *Gilderoy*,
O my Benison gang with thee.

Good

Good ſpeed be with you then Sir, ſhe ſaid,
For gone is all my joy:
And gone is he whom I love beſt,
My handſom *Gilderoy*.

2. In muckle joy we ſpent our time
Till we were both fifteen,
Then wantonly he ligg'd me down,
And amongſt the Brakes ſo green.
When he had done what man could do,
He roſe up and gang'd his way
I gate my Goon, and I followed him,
My handſom *Gilderoy*.

3. Now *Gilderoy* was a bonny Boy,
Would needs to'th King be gone,
With his ſilken Garters on his legs,
And the Roſes on his ſhoone:
But better he had ſtaid at home
With me his only joy,
For on a Gallow-tree they hung
My handſom *Gilderoy*.

4. When they had ta'ne this lad ſo ſtrong,
Gude Lord how ſore they bound him,
They carried him to *Edenb'rough* Town,
And there God wot they hung him:

They knit him fast above the rest,
And I lost my only joy,
For evermore my Benison
Gang with my *Gilderoy.*

5. Wo worth that man that made those Laws,
To hang a man for genee,
For neither stealing Ox nor Ass,
Or bony Horse or Meer:
Had not their Laws a bin so strict,
I might have got my joy:
And ne'r had need tull a wat my cheek
For my dear *Gilderoy.*

A Song to his Mistris.

1. I Will not do a Sacrifice
To thy face or to thy eyes:
Nor unto thy Lilly palm,
Nor thy breath that wounding balm:
But the part to which my heart
In vows is seal'd,
Is that Mine of Bliss Divine
Which is conceal'd.

2. What

2. What's the Golden fruit to me,
If I may not pluck the Tree?
Bare enjoying all the reſt,
Is but like the golden Feaſt,
Which at need can never feed
Our love-ſick wiſhes:
Let me eat ſubſtantial meat,
Not view the diſhes.

The Advice.

PHyllis for ſhame, let us improve
A thouſand ſeveral ways,
Theſe few ſhort minutes ſtoln by love
From many tedious days.

Whilſt you want courage to deſpiſe
The cenſure of the Grave:
For all the Tyrants in your eyes,
Your heart is but a ſlave.

My love is full of noble pride,
And never will ſubmit
To let that Fop Diſcretion ride
In triumph over Wit.

False Friends I have as well as you,
That daily counsel me
Vain friv'lous trifles to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

When I the least belief bestow
On what such fools advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

The Batchelors Song.

LIke a Dog with a Bottle fast ty'd to his Tail,
Like a Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog,
Even such is the man, who when he may go free,
Does his Liberty lose
In a Matrimony Noose,
And sells himself into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jog,
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain,
But well fare poor Pug,
For he plays with his Clog;
And though he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he hugs it and tugs it as a Man does his Wife.

The

The Batchelors Satyr retorted.

1. LIke a Dog that runs madding at Sheep or at Cows,
Like a Boar that runs brumbling after the Sows,
Like a Jade full of Rancor,
Or a Ship without Anchor,
Such is the Libertine whom ſenſe invites
To ſpend his leiſures
In recoyling pleaſures,
And prefers Looſeneſs unto *Hymens* Rites:
Whereas that honeſt Tedder holds
The Dog from ranging to the Folds;
And the ſoft tie of fixt deſire,
Keeps men from that Boariſh mire;
The Bit and Reins
The Horſe reſtrains,
And th' Anchor ſaves
The Ship from Waves
Vermin indeed are oft deſerv'dly caught
In their own Traps,
Venereous Claps,
Which Health and Wealth and Conſcience dearly bought.

2. Those Felons of themselves are their own Jail,
And by stoln Pleasure do their sin intail;
Such wandring Tories in unknown Bogs,
And busie Urchins are ensaf'd by Clogs:
But well fare that Bird,
That sweetly is heard
To sing in the contented Cage,
Secure from fears,
And all the snares
Of a Licentious and trepanning Age,
Passing a calm harmonious Life,
Just like an honest Man and Wife.

A Reply to the Batchelors Satyr retorted.

LIke a Cat with her Tail fast hel'd by a Peg,
Like a Hog that gruntles when he's ty'd by the cleg,
Like a gall'd Horse in a Pownd,
Or a Ship run a ground:
Such is the Man, who ty'd in Nuptial Nooze,
With the proud Stoick, brags
Of his Patches and his Rags,
And rails at loosenes, yet would fain get loose,

Whereas the Cat, not knowing who vext her,
Tooth and nail assaults the thing that is next her;

And

And the ſoft tye of fixt deſire
Binds the Hog to the Paradiſe of his dear Mire:
The Horſe friſks about,
But cannot get out;
And the Anchor gives way
To the boyſterous Sea.
Husbands indeed are oft deſerv'dly caught
In their own Traps,
By others Claps,
Or Midwives, Nurſes, Cradles dearly bought.

Theſe Felons to themſelves are their own Jail:
Some on the Pariſh do their Brats entail,
Like Tories from their Wives and Children run,
Deſigning but to Do, and be Undone:
Or elſe like Hedghogs under Crabtrees roll,
To bring home to their Drabs
A burthen of Crabs,
And then retire to their Hole.

But well fare the Owl,
Of all feather'd Fowl,
That in the contented Ivy-buſh ſings;
She dodders all day,
While the little birds play,
And at midnight ſhe flutters her wings,
Hooting out her mopiſh diſcontented Life,
Juſt like and honeſt man and Wife.

On

On a Wedding.

HOw pleasant a thing were a Wedding,
And a Bedding?
If a Man could purchase a Wife
For a twelvemonth and a day:
But to live with her all a mans life,
For ever and for ay,
Till she grows as grey as a Cat:
Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me for that.

The Answer.

HOw honest a thing is a Wedding,
And a Bedding?
If a man but make choice of a virtuous Wife,
To live with for aye,
Not a month and a day,
But to love and to cherish all days of his life,
Till both are grown grave, rich, fruitful, and fat:
Good sooth (Sir) there needs no excuses for that.

And thus against all Syrens *safely stands*
The wise Ulysses *ty'd with Nuptial Bands.*

Upon

Upon His Majesties Picture drawn by a Fair Lady.

YOur hand with Nature at a noble strife,
Hath paid our Sovereign a great share of Life.
Strange fate! that *Charles* did ne'r more firmly stand,
Then when twice rescu'd by a female hand.
Fair Voucher of the Royal Head, which we owe
Though first to Madam *Lane*, yet next to you.
But here your glory much doth hers out-vie,
She us'd disguise, you use discovery:
And sure there's not so much of Honour shown
To save by hiding, as by making known:
Yet hence for you the odds do higher lie,
She sav'd from Death, you from Mortality;
Who in despight of fate can give reprieve,
And in this deathless Image make him live.
Warwicks great worth must quit the leaves of fame,
There never was a make-King till you came.
Had *Sheba's* Queen known thus, she need not roam,
Sh' had seen the Learned Monarch nearer home.
O how *Vandike* would fret himself, by you
Bassl'd at once in th' Art and Object too!

Nature

Nature her self amaz'd, doth scarce yet know
For certain, whether she drew both, or you:
And we, seeing so much life in th' Image shown,
Fear least it speak, and lay a Claim to th' Crown.
And th' vulgar apt to a more gross mistake,
Should *Charles* but for his Pictures Picture take.
Who knows what harm might from your pencil come
If Painting had not been an Art that's dumb.
Worc'sters strict search had ceas'd, did *Crowwel* know
How much of *Charles* your hand could to him show;
And the great Rebel would contented be
To have him murther'd in this Effigie;
Wherein he doth so much himself appear,
I am i' th' Presence whilst I spy him here.
His Crown he may from others hands receive,
But only you *Charles* to himself could give.
To be thus lively drawn, is th' only thing
Could almost make me wish my self a King.

Go on, Fair Hand, and by a nobler Art
Make *Charles* a Prince compleat in every part:
And to the world this rare example show,
You can make Kings, and get them Subjects too.

A Ballad.

1.

YOung maids, and young wives, and young widows (rejoice,
And render thankſgiving with heart & with voice:
Since waters were waters I dare boldly ſay,
There was never more cauſe of a thankſgiving day:
For from *London* Town
Here is lately come down
Four able Phyſicians who never wore Gown,
Their Phyſick is pleaſant, their Doſes are large,
And you may be cur'd without danger or charge.

2.

No Vomit or Potion, no Bolus or Pill,
Which ſometimes do cure, but oftentimes kill;
The taſte of your Stomach need never diſpleaſe,
If you'll be advis'd by ſuch Doctors as theſe.
They have a new Drug,
'Tis call'd a cloſe Hug, (ſmug;
'Twill mend your Complexion and make you look
A ſovereign Balſam, if once well apply'd,
Though wounded to th' heart, the Patient ne'r dy'd.

3.

I th' morning you need not be rob'd of your rest,
For in your warm bed this Physick works best;
Although in the taking some stirring's requir'd,
The motion's so pleasant, the Patient's ne'r tir'd.
In your bed you must lie,
With your Buttocks up high,
And one of these Doctors must always stand by,
Who there will be sure to cover you warm,
For if you take cold, all Physick does harm.

4.

These Doctors before they proceed to direction,
Do always consider the parties Complexion:
If she have a moist palm, and a curl'd head of hair,
She will ask you more Physick than one man can spare;
If she have a long Nose,
What Physician knows
How many long handfuls must go to the Dose?
All Patients that have such Symptoms as these,
In reason and conscience should pay double fees.

5.

And that we may give to Learning due Praise,
Who by these to the People such blessings conveys,

To

To the ugly for his ſake their skill ſhall be ſhown,
And thoſe that are fair ſhall be cur'd for their own.
On your ſilver and gold
They never lay hold, (ſold.
For that which comes freely they ſcorn ſhould be
Then join with theſe Doctors and heartily pray,
That their virtue of healing may never decay.

On Captain Digby's *Death, to his Miſtris.*

FArewell, fair *Armeda*, my Joy and my Grief,
In vain have I lov'd you, and hope no Relief,
Undone by your Virtue too ſtrict and ſevere,
Your eyes gave me Love, and you gave me Deſpair.
Now call'd by my honour I ſeek with Content
The Fate which in pity you would not prevent.
To languiſh in love were to find by delay
A Death that's more welcome the ſpeedier way.

On Seas and in Battels, in Bullets and Fire,
My Danger is leſs than in hopeleſs deſire.
My Death's wound you gave me, though far off I bear
My fate from your ſight not to coſt you a tear;
But if the kind Flood on a Wave would convey,
And under your window my body would lay,
The wound on my breſt when you happen to ſee,
You'd ſay with a ſigh, It was given by me.

An-

Answer.

BLame not your *Armeda*, nor call her your Grief,
'Twas Honour not she, that deny'd you relief;
Abuse not her Virtue, nor call it severe,
Who loves without Honour must meet with Despair:
Now prompted by pity I truly lament,
And mourn for your fate which I could not prevent.
I languish to think that your blood should defray
The expence of a love though so noble a way.

On Seas and in Battels that you did expire,
Was the effect of your valour, not hopeless desire.
Of the Fame you acquir'd I greedily hear,
And grieve when I think that it cost you so deer;
And when dismal fate did your body convey
To my window, your Funeral Rites for to pay,
I sigh that your Fate I could not reverse,
And all my kind wishes I strew on your Herse.

FINIS.